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Source: *The American Art Journal (1866-1867)*, Vol. 7, No. 5 (May 25, 1867), pp. 68-69

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/25307047>

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cadenza, which in the older concertos was given up to the player's own powers of improvisation; but there is a long passage of entirely unaccompanied solo, just before the return of the episode, which has all the executive display of an elaborate *cadenza* while preserving that relevancy to the concerto itself which scarcely any one but the composer can maintain. The slow movement, a charming *andante*, somewhat in the *nocturno* style, commences with the pianoforte alone; and after being admirably sustained with the addition of some ornamental passages, the subject is transferred to the violins, while the pianoforte is employed in a series of elaborations at once graceful and brilliant, and contrasting most effectively with the *sostenuto* of the orchestra. A *rondo* on an elegant and melodious subject, well sustained, closes this excellent concerto—one of the very few valuable contributions to the higher class of pianoforte music that we have had since the death of Mendelssohn. The work is extremely difficult to execute; but, as there is scarcely a page that does not contain passages calculated to interest as well as to improve the player, it forms a most valuable study.

Of the execution of the concerto by Madame Arabello Goddard it would be impossible to speak in too high terms—the unerring certainty of finger, the combination of masculine power with feminine delicacy of touch, the perfect finish of every passage, while the distinct phrasing throughout, and the graceful expression thrown into the slow movement, constituted a performance of a most remarkable order. Loud and prolonged applause was bestowed both on the player and the composer (who conducted the work himself), and both were enthusiastically recalled.

(From the "London Review.")

GOUNOD'S "ROMEO AND JULIET."

The legend of the "star-crossed" lovers of Verona, as told by Shakspeare, has always been a favorite subject with writers of operatic *libretti*. The first necessity in lyric drama of a serious cast is a strong love-story, and in the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" that condition is surely fulfilled. Yet, strange to say, though Shakspeare's play has been paraphrased at least a dozen times for the operatic stage, and wedded to music by the best composers of the last century and a half, it has never succeeded in its lyrical form. An isolated number or two—such as some of the graceful thoughts of Vaccaj—alone remain out of all the elaborate scores that have been penned on this subject. So it was with Goethe's "Faust." Before Charles Gounod had dreamed the exquisite musical fancies which he afterwards wreathed round the equally lovely images of the German poet, this same legend of Faust and Margaret had been set to music over and over again. As with Shakspeare's tragedy, so with Goethe's poem. The wedded result only produced what may be called "an ill-assorted union." Yet Spohr's music is fine. Much of it will live, because it is picturesque, reasonable, and well made. But it was left for the French student of theology to realize in music the creations of Goethe. How tenderly, how aptly he discharged this task is now a matter of art-history. Gounod's "Faust"—fragmentary, occasionally incoherent, and often crude, as it might be shown to be by all art-canonists—was felt to be the first realization in music of the German poem. There was truth in it. It was not the quaint Old Men's chorus, or the graceful Kermesse valse, or the blare and bustle of the Soldiers' Chant, that stamped the new master's genius. These all conduced to his popularity with the outside public, it is true; but more cultivated minds, less disposed to be led

away by clap-trap, accepted him at once for his delineation of that many-sided passion called love. In a word, Gounod succeeded in "Faust" as a writer of love-music, so gracious, so touching, so true, that had he never penned anything but the garden scene in that opera, his name would have lived as a thinker of no common order. His previous, as well as his succeeding works, have all pointed very much in the same direction; and when, on the completion of "Mireille" (an idyll, not a drama), it was rumored that he had selected for his next opera the story of "Romeo and Juliet," it was felt by those who knew him best that he had taken a subject which he would probably treat more truthfully than any composer who had preceded him. He gave Margaret (Gretchen) her music, they said; he will also make Juliette breathe her passion for the first time in music. The opera is now finished, in rehearsal, and even while we write, its production is looked for in Paris. If its success be what we may anticipate after a perusal of the score, there can be no doubt that the form of a certain class of opera will be for the future considerably modified; for in the present work, M. Gounod has carried out, with firmer hand and surer touch, certain formal innovations which are noticeable, although in a very rudimentary shape, in "Faust." Such being our opinion, we think that a preliminary sketch of the new opera will be acceptable to a larger circle, even of musical students, than that which comprises M. Gounod's friends and followers.

MM. Barber and Carre, the composer's librettists, have followed Shakspeare's version of "Romeo and Juliette," and even his diction, very closely. The opera is laid out in five acts, with pretty nearly the same persons of the drama as in Shakspeare. Act I, is in one set scene, representing the masque at Capulet's house, the stolen march of Romeo and his friends, the first meeting of the lovers, and the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt. Act II, is also in one set, representing the famous balcony scene, and is devoted entirely to the meeting of the lovers. Act III, is divided into two scenes: first, a front scene, representing Friar Laurence's cell. Here takes place the celebration of a matin service by the holy father and his friars, then the marriage of Romeo and Juliette. The second scene, a set, is in the street outside Capulet's house, and the business transacted in it comprises the double duel between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo, the arrival of the Grand Duke, and the banishment of Romeo amidst the mutual recriminations of adherents of the Montagues and Capulets. Act IV, is a set, representing Juliet's room. The action includes a grand love-scene for Romeo and his wife, the swallowing of the potion by Juliet, and the despair of the household in finding the hope of the Capulets dead. Act V, comprises a front and set scene. In the former Father Laurence learns that his instructions to Romeo have miscarried; in the latter, the "tomb of all the Capulets" is seen, Romeo poisons himself, Juliet awakes only to find her lover dying, and the opera ends, as does the drama, with their death.

M. Gounod prefaces his opera with a slight introduction in his usual manner, to which the standard overture is utterly regnant. In this particular instance, however, its musical interest is heightened by the introduction of a chorus narrating, exactly as Shakspeare recites it in his prologue, the legend of the unfortunate lovers of Verona. This chorus is unaccompanied; and it will always be found difficult, from its extreme length, to get it sustained in a tone, recited as it is nearly on a monotone, the orchestra coming in with an occasional chord. The first act is full of a charming musical and dramatic interest. The valse—or rather mazaruka—strain to which the curtain rises is one of those catching *motifs* so plentifully scattered through "Faust," serving as symphony to a joyous dancing chorus for mixed voices in the composer's happiest vein. The entrance of Juliet with her father is marked by a beautiful exclamation for the tenors and basses, expressive of their admiration of the young girl.

This is echoed by the soprano, and Juliet is introduced in a few words by Capulet. The childish delight of the *débutante* (for such she is) is delightfully expressed in a short aria, 3-4 time, and then Capulet, rallying Paris, his intended son-in-law, for not dancing, sings a jovial strain to the guests, "Allons! jeunes gens; allons! belles dames," the refrain of which is repeated in chorus. The music of Capulet, we may here remark at once, is admirably characteristic—full of *bonhomie*, hospitable intention, and yet not lacking a certain tenderness where Juliet is the subject. The dance is resumed, and by-and-bye Romeo, Mercutio, and a small band of friends, to act as semi-chorus, enter on their prank. Romeo is rather disturbed by a presage of misfortunes induced by a dream, which gives occasion—the stage being free—for the ballad of "Queen Mab," sung by Mercutio, *sotto voce*, to a wonderfully descriptive accompaniment of full orchestra *pianissimo*. Of the many quaint and clever things Gounod has done, this is one of the quaintest and cleverest. Juliet and the other guests re-enter—Romeo is struck by her beauty manages to crave an interview, which by-and-by gives rise to a charming duettino, in the shape of a madrigal, "Ange adorable." This simple little number will, we can safely prophecy, enjoy an extended popularity both on the stage and off. The remainder of the act is taken up by the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt, the despair of Juliet at finding who the stranger is she already loves, and the *réprise* of the refrain of Capulet's song, to which the act-drop descends. This act is admirable in every respect. There is not a redundant note, and the stage business is full of excitement.

In the second act M. Gounod approaches more closely to the crucial test in which so many have failed. Here Romeo evades his friends, and seeks his mistress. The *entr'acte* to which the curtain rises in the Balcony scene is a species of reverie, or rather cradle-song to speak descriptively, in 5-8 rhythm, orchestrated with the most voluptuous softness, in perfect keeping with "moonlight on a lady's bower." Romeo's serenade, which naturally occurs here, is exceedingly effective. One phrase is full of passion, and will have an immense effect, sung with the requisite voice. Juliet appears at the balcony, and soliloquizes exactly as in play. Romeo announces his presence, but scarcely has he done so, when a noise off is heard, and the lovers retire only in time to escape discovery by a number of the servants, who suspect Romeo is lurking about. The Nurse is brought on (she has previously appeared in the first act), and after a few comic insinuations that it is her beauty which allures young scapegraces thither, and a choral invocation of wrath on the heads of the Montagues, the intruders go off. Romeo reappears, meets Juliet, and the anticipated duet begins in earnest. It is an attempt—both on the part of the librettist and the composer—to realize, passage by passage, the exquisite picture limned by Shakspeare, and we believe that the effort is entirely successful. Gounod has managed to portray a young girl's heart in this opera, most marvellously. In the first act Juliet's music is that of an *ingenue*; in the second it is still *naïve*, but a thought more tender; in the latter portion of the work it rises to the dignity which the catastrophe demands. The ensemble of the Balcony duet, "De cet adieu si douce est la tristesse," is upon an exceedingly simple theme in A, 3-4 time, and is worked out in a long *decrecendo* on the words "jusqu'à demain"—sinking to a mere whisper, the effect of which is simply beautiful. It has all the poetry of the duet in "Faust" with more delicate manipulation. After the long good night, the instrumental reverie which began the act is resumed *piano*, and Romeo recites a prayer in monotone for his love as she retires, and the curtain descends.

Act III, opens with ecclesiastical music. A cavatina, with chorus, for Frère Laurent, in the severest Church manner, is followed by the entrance of Romeo, and subsequently the marriage

of the lovers. The invocation for the father (*primo basso cantante*) is exceedingly fine, and is followed by a trio and quartet for Romeo, Juliet, the Nurse, and Friar Laurence, in *canto fermo*, which is very effective. The second scene of this act begins with a page's song—the page in question being invented for Romeo, to bear the burden of the mezzo-soprano music (of contralto music there is none). This song, in 2-4 time, and in the orthodox two verses, is a pretty fable, extemporized by MM. Barbier and Carré, on the amours of two doves—and in a sparkling refrain, "Gardez bien la belle," the page (rather imprudently, we think), warns the Capulets to look after their dove, who will otherwise escape them. On this follows what M. Gounod calls his *finale*, but which will be more easily understood if we describe it as consisting of several long recitative scenes, and finishing with a chorus. The scenes in point describe the duels between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo. Here, no doubt, the composer felt that he was treading on delicate ground, after the duel trio in "Faust;" at all events in "Romeo and Juliet," the quarrels are rapidly accomplished in recitative, and the fighting is as rapidly done to *allegro* passages for orchestra. No great point is made of Mercutio's death. The inhabitants throng in—the women, and then all the chorus, invoking imprecations on the feud that costs them so much blood; the rival houses also expressing, by the voices of their respective retainers, their undying hatred towards each other. A brilliant *cortège*, quite worthy to be a companion march to the famous procession music of the "Reine de Saba," is now heard off, and the Duke and Court appear. The Duke censures the rioters, banishes Romeo, and with the *reprise* of the double quartet and chorus, the act ends. On the whole, we recognize less of Gounod in this part of the opera than in any other, and trace a strong resemblance to certain portions of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" in the *ensemble* at the close of the act.

Act the fourth is full of beauties. The prevailing tone is sadness—for Romeo has to leave his mistress—she has to counterfeit death and seek the tomb to meet him again—and the climax of the act is the despair of Capulet over the supposed dead body of his child. The grand duo is written more in what may be called *form*, than anything of this nature Gounod has yet penned. The first *ensemble*, in 12-8, is exceedingly elaborate, and worked out patiently and consistently. It expresses their mutual passion for each other, and is followed by some of the composer's loveliest descriptive writing, on the charming episode of the lark and the nightingale. All this is done exquisitely, and the last *ensemble*, a farewell, is written, 4-4 time, largely and powerfully. Of its effects on the stage there can be no doubt whatever. Juliet's grand air occurs in this act, and is in fact a drinking song, preface by a long recitative descriptive of the horrors she may encounter in the vault after drinking the potion. Love, however, prevails, and animates her aria—"Je bois a toi!" This number is not, in our opinion, effective, vocally considered, and is written in an exceedingly difficult manner. The despair of Capulet—the dirge music in the orchestra—are all perfect, and fitly wind up an act full of rare beauties, both musical and dramatic.

The tomb scene in the last act consists entirely of a duet. Here Gounod has narrowly considered the exigencies of the situation, and has, to our thinking most judiciously, thrown this last and fourth duo into purely dialogue form. There are only a few bars of *ensemble*, when, in the delirium of love in death, they recall a passage of the marriage hymn of the third act. This is most artistically done, along with a strain of the lark from the duo of the fourth act. In the manner, and by eschewing every temptation to delay the march of the plot by concerted effects, M. Gounod hurries on the tragic end of the opera. It had been supposed that an apotheosis of the lovers would follow; but it does not appear in the score we have seen. Probably the master feared that after

"Faust," "La Reine de Saba," and "Mireille," even the sound of angelic harps would be tame and conventional. If this was his view we entirely agree with him.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect account of the new opera, the production of which has been awaited so long and so anxiously by the musical world. We may remark on it, in conclusion, that it is by far the most concatenated and elaborate work written by its gifted author. His eccentricities are toned down in such a manner that they are entitled to be considered as an inseparable part of a style thoroughly and boldly original. In "Romeo and Juliet" will be found the old distaste for elaborate *finales*, without which it has hitherto been thought no great operatic reputation could be gained. But no man can be equally great in all directions; and if Meyerbeer or Verdi would have written a stronger third act than we find in the new work, we question if either of them could have written the gracious love-music which, after all, is the one great condition of "Romeo and Juliet." In the instrumentation Gounod has surpassed himself—and what that means every student of orchestration will know. That the work as a whole will greatly enhance its composer's reputation, we do not for a moment doubt; and we have equally little hesitation in predicting for it an honorable abiding place in the lyrical theatres of this country.

ART MATTERS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

WEST ROOM.

No. 509, "Afternoon," by L. Tiffany, is much in the style of Colman, the gentleman, so I have heard, being a pupil of that artist. I have also been informed that the picture in question is nothing more nor less than a copy of one of Mr. Colman's works. If this be true the constitution of the Academy has been violated, as in that document it is expressly stipulated that all pictures exhibited upon the Academy walls shall be *original*. The picture is hung upon the line.

No. 513, "November," by Albert Insley, is a delicious little picture, good in intention, and giving promise of future excellence, but is too weak in color to be entirely satisfactory.

Here we come to a piece of downright genuine humor; it is No. 525, "Bottom, the Weaver," by M. Waterman. Mr. Waterman has heretofore been principally known as a painter of animals, (a branch of art in which he is unquestionably without a rival in this country,) but in his "Bottom" he shows us that he has studied the human figure and bids fair to become one of our best figure painters. The moment of action taken is when "Bottom" appears among his comrades with the ass's head. The sturdy weaver stands with uplifted hand in the centre of the group, evidently reciting his part in the doleful tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe," while scattered around the ground in attitudes of terror, are Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout and Starveling, his Thespian companions. Into each of these figures Mr. Waterman has admirably succeeded in infusing life, character and expression, a little overdrawn, perhaps, but for all that, so intrinsically good that the voice of censure is hushed and the critic forced to accord almost unlimited praise. Mr. Waterman is a careful draughtsman and a thorough colorist, added to which, judging from his "Bottom," he possesses a rare sense of the humorous—three qualities which cannot fail

to make him in time, one of the most prominent of our *genre* painters.

No. 518, "St. Christopher, or the Burden of Humanity," by Paul Rubens—no: I beg his pardon—Henry Peters Gray, V. P. N. A. However, it doesn't matter much, Rubens painted the original and Mr. Gray has succeeded in making a very clever copy of it—reflecting equal credit upon Mr. Rubens and Mr. Gray. It may, perhaps, be superfluous to add that the picture is on the line.

Pausing for a moment to admire the careful drawing of the boat in C. H. Moore's preraphaelite atrocity No. 522, "Hudson River, above Catskill," we come to No. 534, "Wood Scene," by Miss M. J. Walters, a thoroughly good picture, reminding one strongly of Durand, although lacking his softness; the foreground, tree trunks, and distance are excellent, but the upper part of the picture is too hard.

Surely there is no artist in the country who can paint women and children with the same degree of truth and beauty as Geo. A. Baker. Here is one, No. 535, "Portrait of a Child," which fairly breathes, so consummate is the skill with which its features are depicted upon the canvas. Mr. Baker's "Portrait of a Lady" of last season will be well remembered, and the highest praise that can be given to the present picture is that it is almost as good as that masterpiece of color.

No. 536, "The Old Story," by B. C. Porter, is principally noticeable for its strong color and excellent drapery painting, which make up, to a great extent, for the lack of expression in the figures.

No. 545, "Afternoon on the Beach," by W. J. Hennessy. Mr. Hennessy has just a sufficiency of preraphaelitism in his style to make it always charming; you are never offended with a ridiculous and undue elaboration of unimportant details, but always find harmony, grace, and nature. "Afternoon on the Beach" is a bright, sunny piece of color, intrinsically true in effect and equally pleasant to look upon.

No. 546, "A Mountain Ravine," by Geo. H. Smilie, exhibits some careful rock and water paintings. It has already been noticed in these columns.

No. 550, "Bronx River," by S. R. Gifford. A delightful piece of warm, rich color. The full harvest moon, breaking through the haze, shines down upon the little river, forming mysterious shadows, and casting an uncertain, yet beautiful, light. The picture has already been noticed in these columns.

Nos. 554 and 555, "The Splinter" and "The Disclosure," are two admirable little *genre* pictures of the Meissonier school, by J. B. Irving, whose efforts in this particular branch of art have been crowned with great success.

No. 561, "The Faded Leaf," by W. J. Lockhart, is an uncommonly funny sentimental picture. Mr. Lockhart's vocation is evidently not painting.

No. 571, "Morning—a Study" by W. L. Sonntag is a very bad *study*, and is on line.

No. 574, "The Illuminated Book," by Gilbert Burling is a clever and carefully finished *picture*, and is near the sky.

No. 577, "Coast Scene," by S. Colman, is a well painted marine, pleasant in color, but greatly